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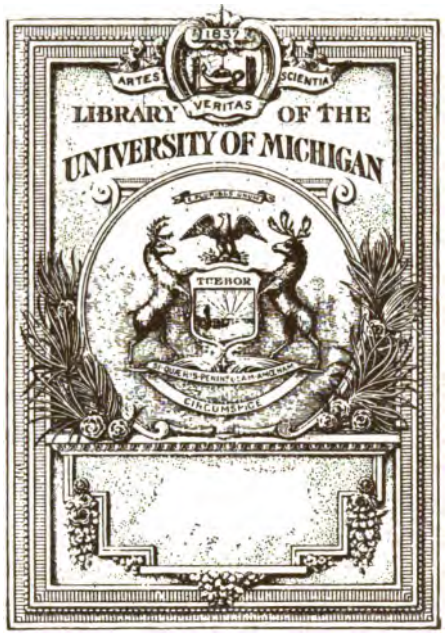

THE GIFT OF
Mrs. Elizabeth Rathbone

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F353f

THE
OF THE
ANCHOR

THE

FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

A POEM.

BY

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON, LL.D.

Illustrated by

A. BARRAUD, H. G. GLINDONI, G. W. HARVEY, W. HATHERELL. SEYMOUR LUCAS,
HAL LUDLOW, J. NASH, W. H. OVEREND, C. J. STANILAND,
AND W. L. WYLLIE.

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1883.

Mrs. Eliz. Rathbone

1-8-1923

12-21-26 LHW

	Artist.	Engraver.
Illustrated Title	*W. Hatherell.*	*O. L. Lacour.*
Headpiece	*G. W. Harvey.*	*H. S. Percy.*
Vignette	*G. W. Harvey.*	*H. F. Davey.*
"The bellows ceased" . . .	*J. Nash.*	*C. Streller.*
"The black mound heaves below" .	*W. H. Overend.*	*O. L. Lacour.*
"Like men before the foe" . .	*Seymour Lucas.*	*M. Klinkicht.*
"Bang, bang, the sledges go" . .	*W. H. Overend.*	*O. L. Lacour.*
"I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road"	*A. Barraud.*	*J. Harmsworth.*
"The bulwarks down; the rudder gone; the boats stove at the chains"	*J. Nash.*	*W. I. Mosses and C. Streller.*
"But courage still, brave mariners, the Bower yet remains" . .	*J. Nash.*	*O. L. Lacour.*
"Your blows make sweeter music far than any steeple's chime" . .	*A. Barraud.*	*E. Gascoine.*

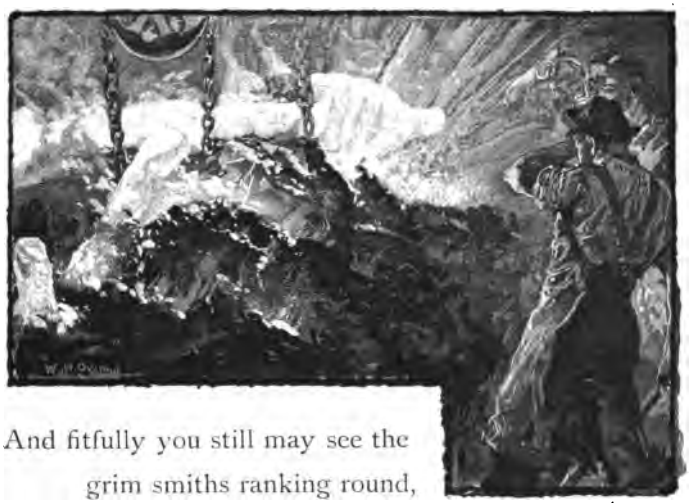
414387

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Artist.	Engraver.
"A hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay" . .	*W. L. Wyllie.*	*E. Gascoine.*
"When, weighing slow, at eve they go"	*J. Nash.*	*M. Klinkicht.*
"Sobbing sweethearts" . . .	*H. G. Glindoni.*	*H. F. Davey.*
"The hoary monsters' palaces" .	*W. Hatherell.*	*J. M. Johnstone.*
"To leap down on the kraken's back"	*W. H. Overend.*	*O. L. Lacour.*
"———In a cove Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undinè's love To find the long-haired mermaidens"	*Hal Ludlow.*	*O. L. Lacour.*
"The 'Dolphin' weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable-line" .	*W. L. Wyllie.*	*G. A. Morison.*
"——— That dripping band Slow swaying in the heaving waves, that round about thee bend" .	*W. H. Overend.*	*O. L. Lacour.*
"—— Who left the pleasant strand, To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland" . . .	*C. J. Staniland.*	*M. Klinkicht.*
"Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave, So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave"	*A. Barraud.*	*T. S. Bayley.*

THE
FORGING
OF THE
ANCHOR

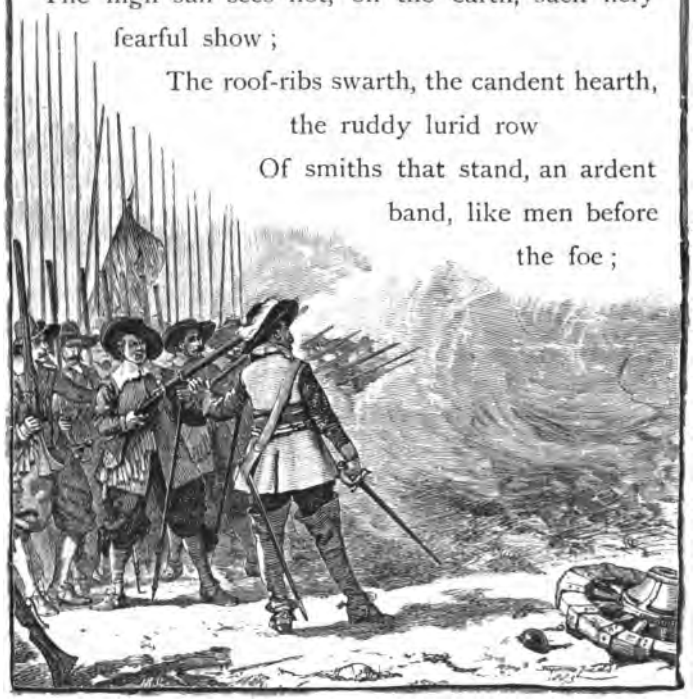
COME, see the "Dolphin's" Anchor
forg'd—'tis at a white heat
now :
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased—
though on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play
through the sable mound,



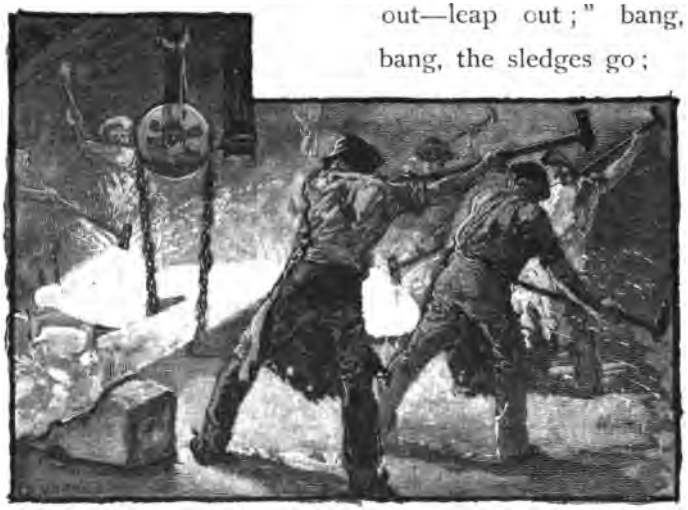
And fitfully you still may see the
grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only
bare ;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the
windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black
mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at
every throe :

It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what
a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high
sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery
fearful show;
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth,
the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent
band, like men before
the foe;



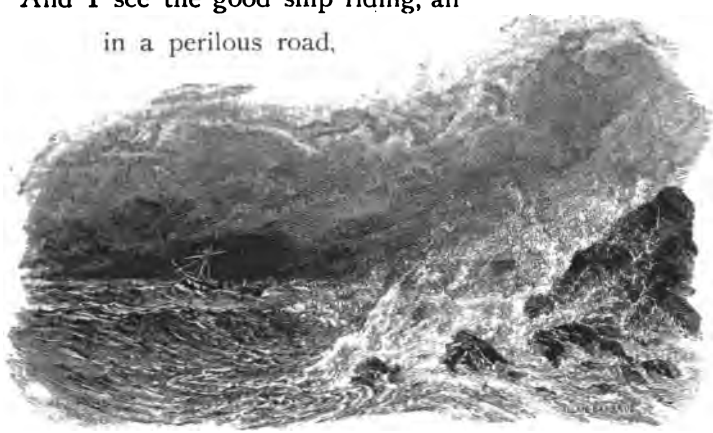
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing
monster slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about, the faces fiery grow.
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap
out—leap out;" bang,
bang, the sledges go;



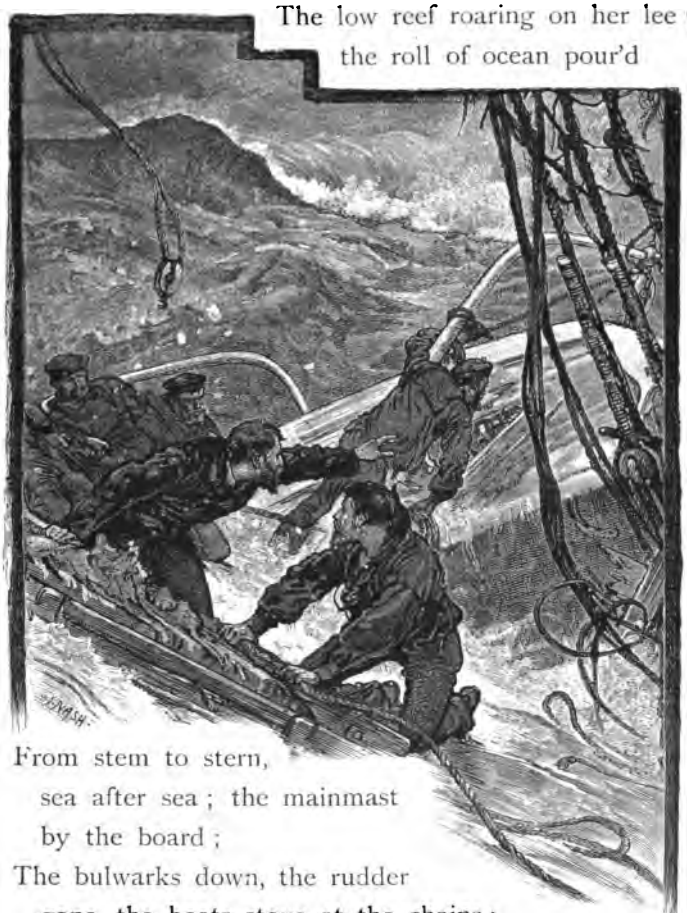
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and
low—
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing
blow;

The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling
cinders strow
The ground around: at every bound the sweltering
fountains flow;
And thick and loud, the swinking crowd at every
stroke pant "Ho!"

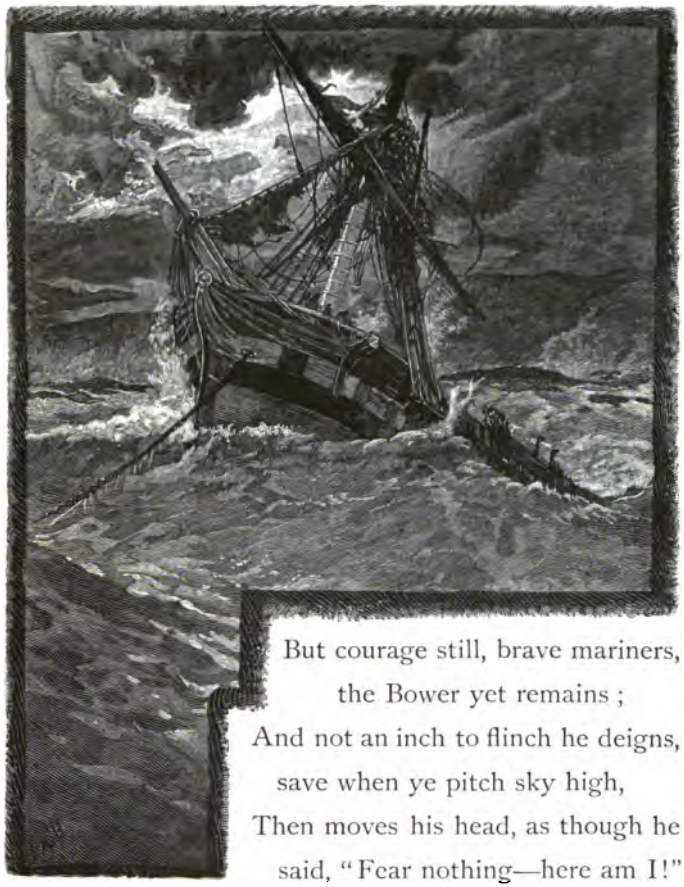
Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay
on load!
Let's forge a goodly Anchor—a Bower, thick and
broad:
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode;
And I see the good ship riding, all
in a perilous road.



The low reef roaring on her lee;
the roll of ocean pour'd

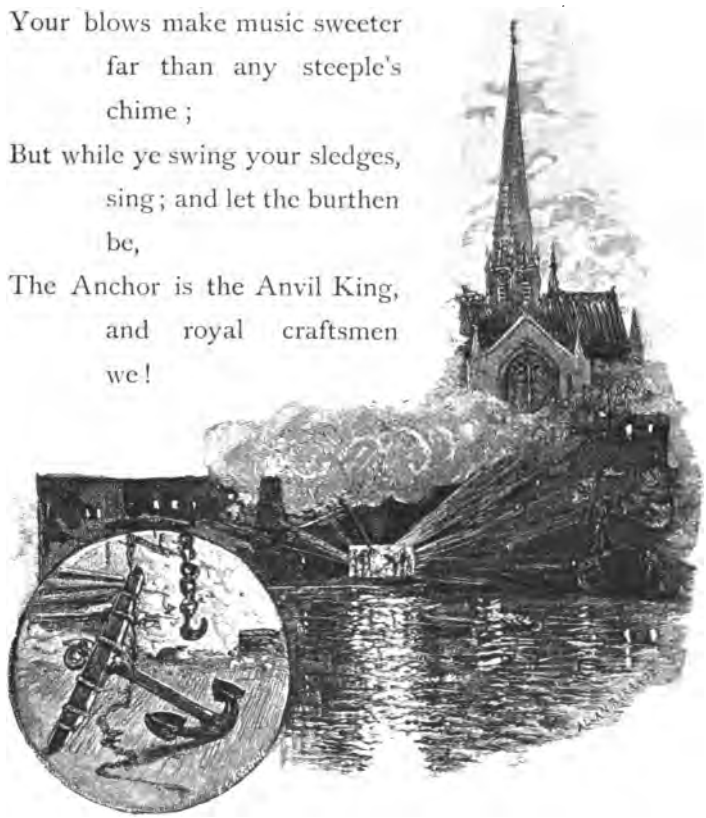


From stem to stern,
sea after sea; the mainmast
by the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder
gone, the boats stove at the chains;

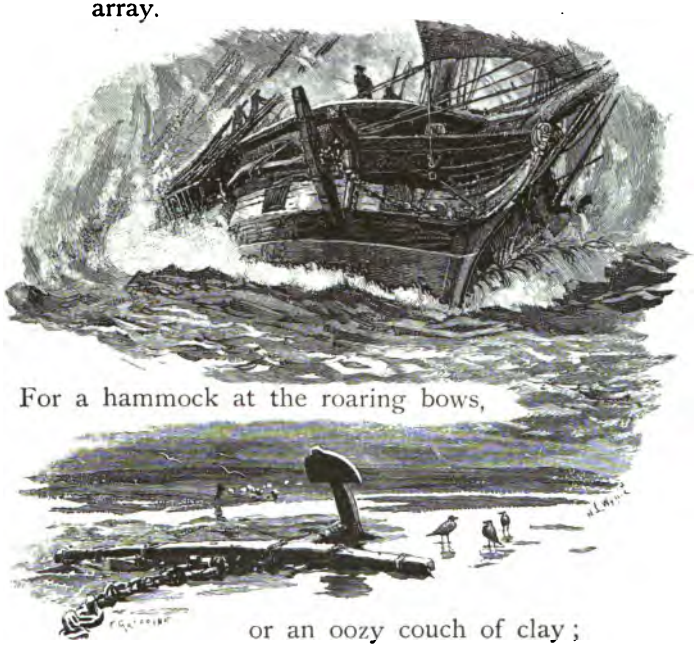


But courage still, brave mariners,
the Bower yet remains ;
And not an inch to flinch he deigns,
save when ye pitch sky high,
Then moves his head, as though he
said, "Fear nothing—here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand
keep time;
Your blows make music sweeter
far than any steeple's
chime;
But while ye swing your sledges,
sing; and let the burthen
be,
The Anchor is the Anvil King,
and royal craftsmen
we!

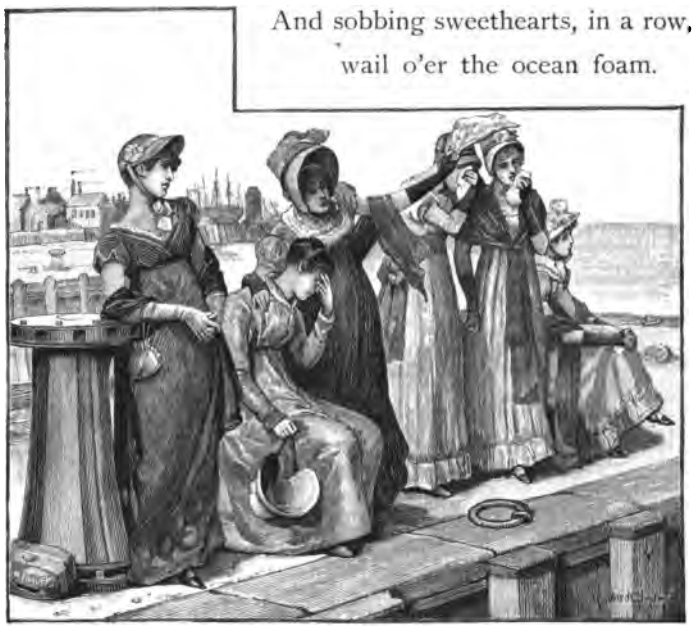


Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their
rustling red,
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will
soon be sped :
Our Anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich
array.



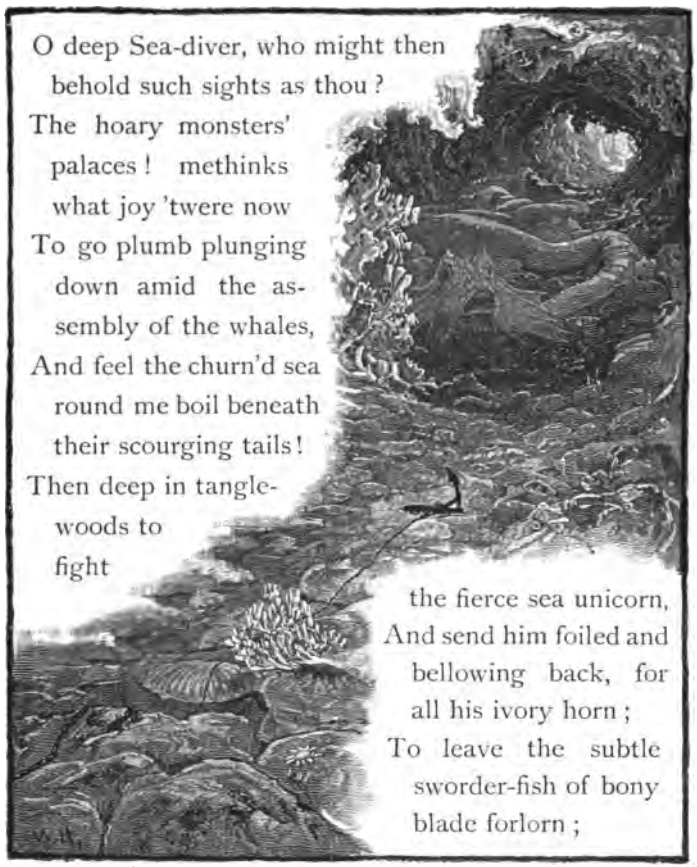
For a hammock at the roaring bows,
or an oozy couch of clay ;

Our Anchor soon must change the
lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the Yeo-heave-o', and the Heave-away, and the
sighing seaman's cheer;
When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from
love and home;



And sobbing sweethearts, in a row,
wail o'er the ocean foam.

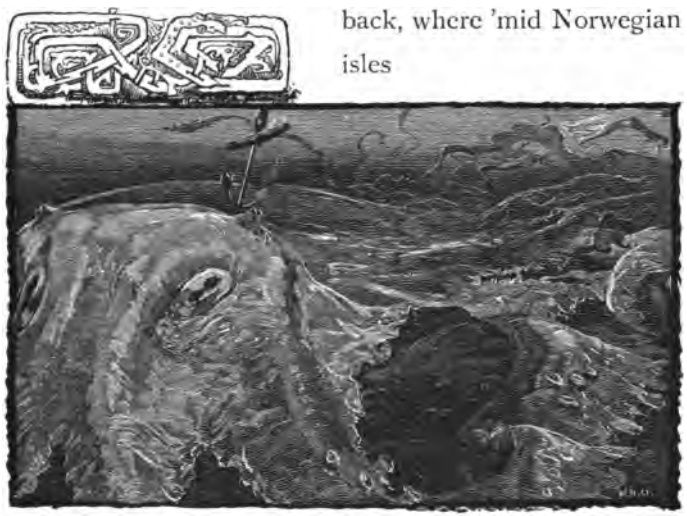
In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat
was cast.—
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life
like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the
deep green sea!



O deep Sea-diver, who might then
behold such sights as thou?
The hoary monsters'
palaces! methinks
what joy 'twere now
To go plumb plunging
down amid the as-
sembly of the whales,
And feel the churn'd sea
round me boil beneath
their scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle-
woods to
fight
the fierce sea unicorn,
And send him foiled and
bellowing back, for
all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle
sworder-fish of bony
blade forlorn;

And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;

To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles

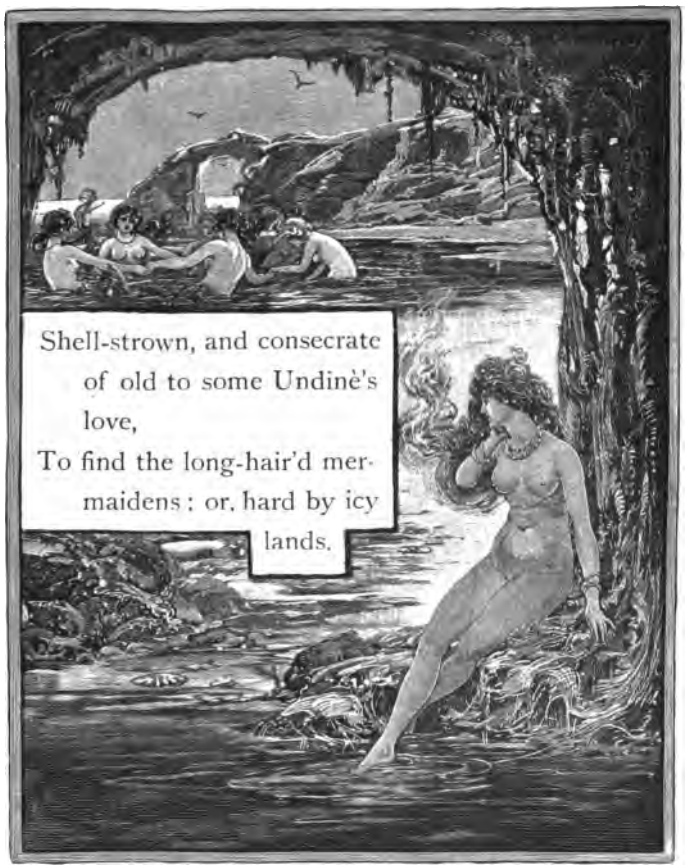


He lies, a lubber anchorage, for sudden shallow'd miles;

Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;

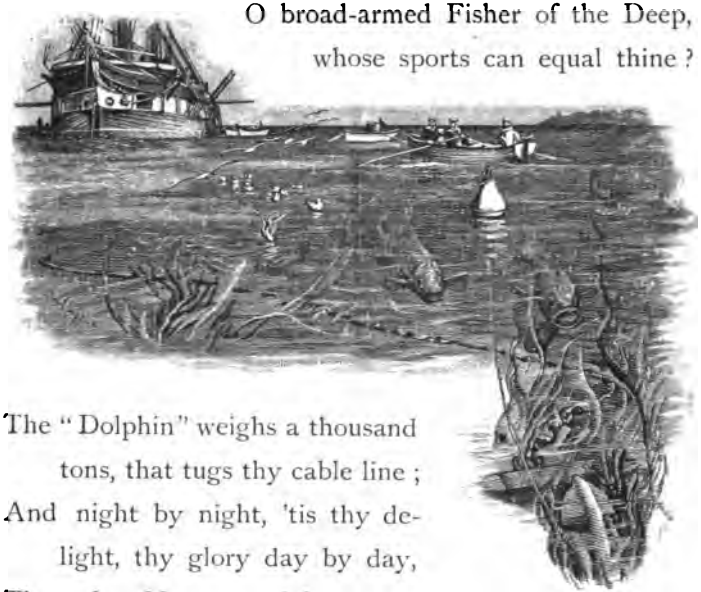
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals

Of his black browsing ocean-calves; or, haply in a cove,


Shell-strown, and consecrate
of old to some Undinè's
love,
To find the long-hair'd mer-
maidens; or, hard by icy
lands.

To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

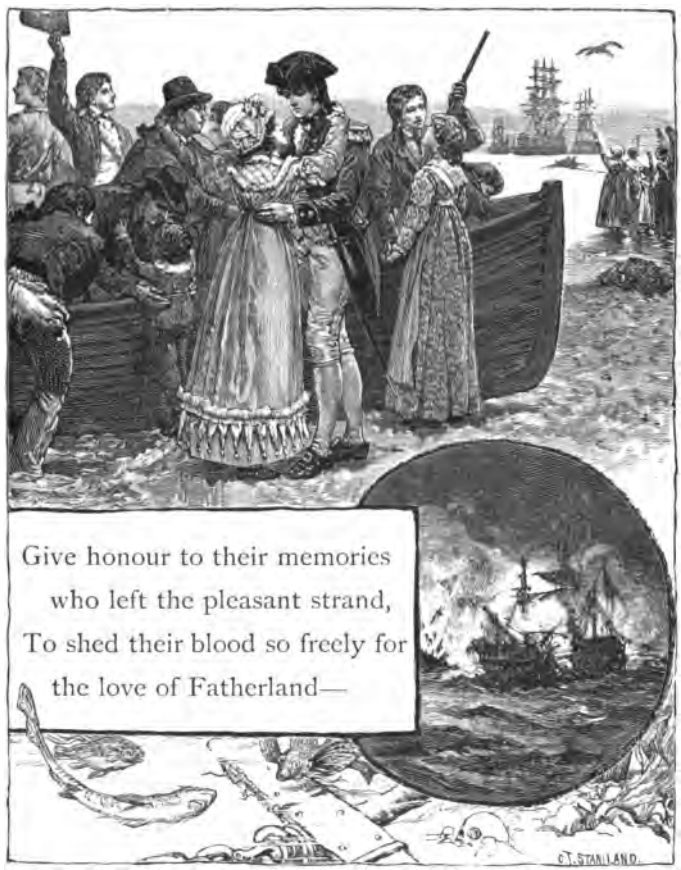
O broad-armed Fisher of the Deep,
whose sports can equal thine?



The "Dolphin" weighs a thousand
tons, that tugs thy cable line;
And night by night, 'tis thy de-
light, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white,
the giant game to play.
But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name
I gave—
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save!

O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving waves, that round about thee bend,

With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient friend—
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!


Give honour to their memories
who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for
the love of Fatherland—
C.T. STANILAND.

Who left their chance of quiet age
and grassy churchyard grave,
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing
wave—
Oh, though our Anchor may not be all I have
fondly sung,
Honour him for their memory, whose bones
he goes among!